

Who Keeps Chattering?

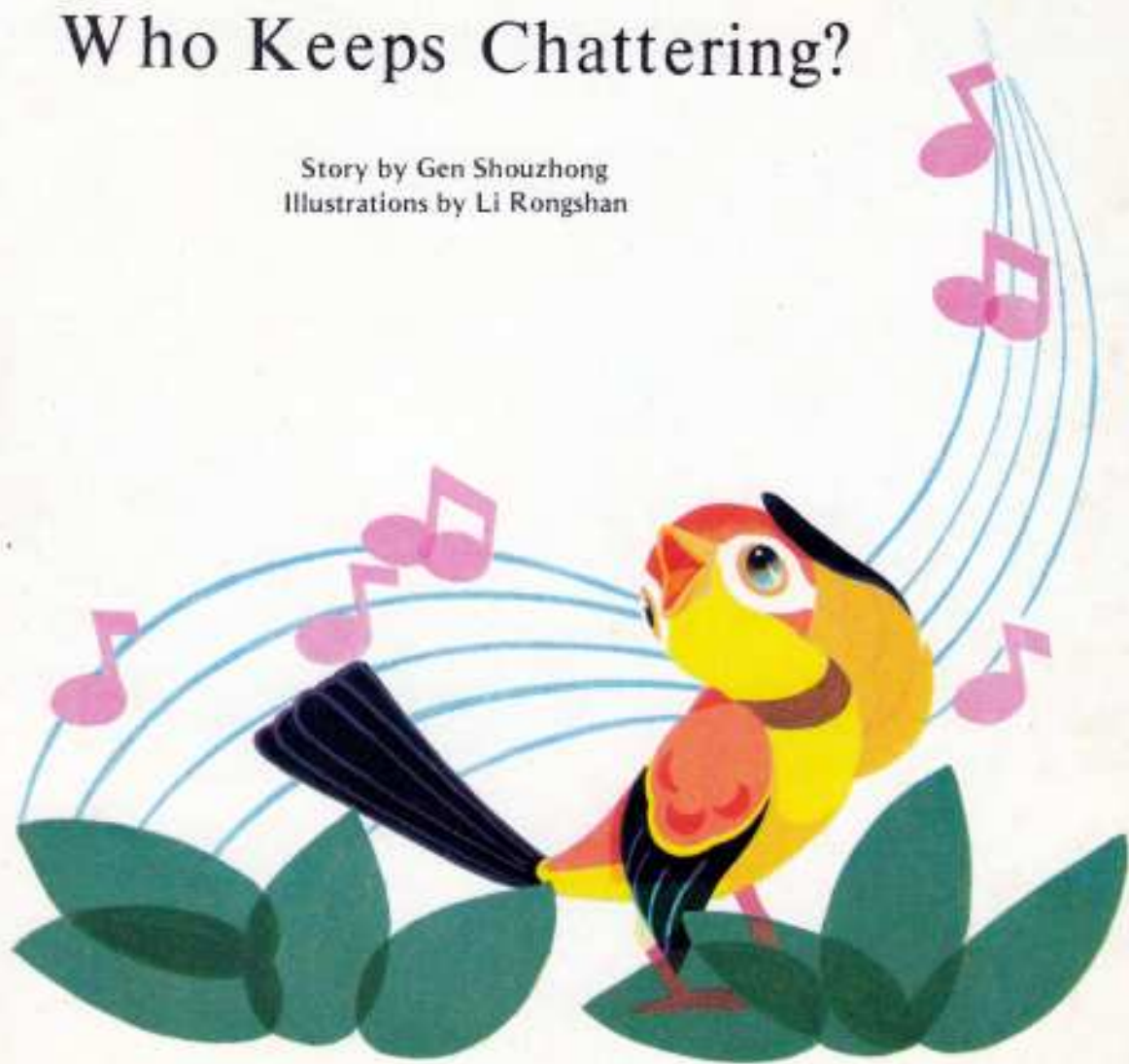


Beginning Science



Who Keeps Chattering?

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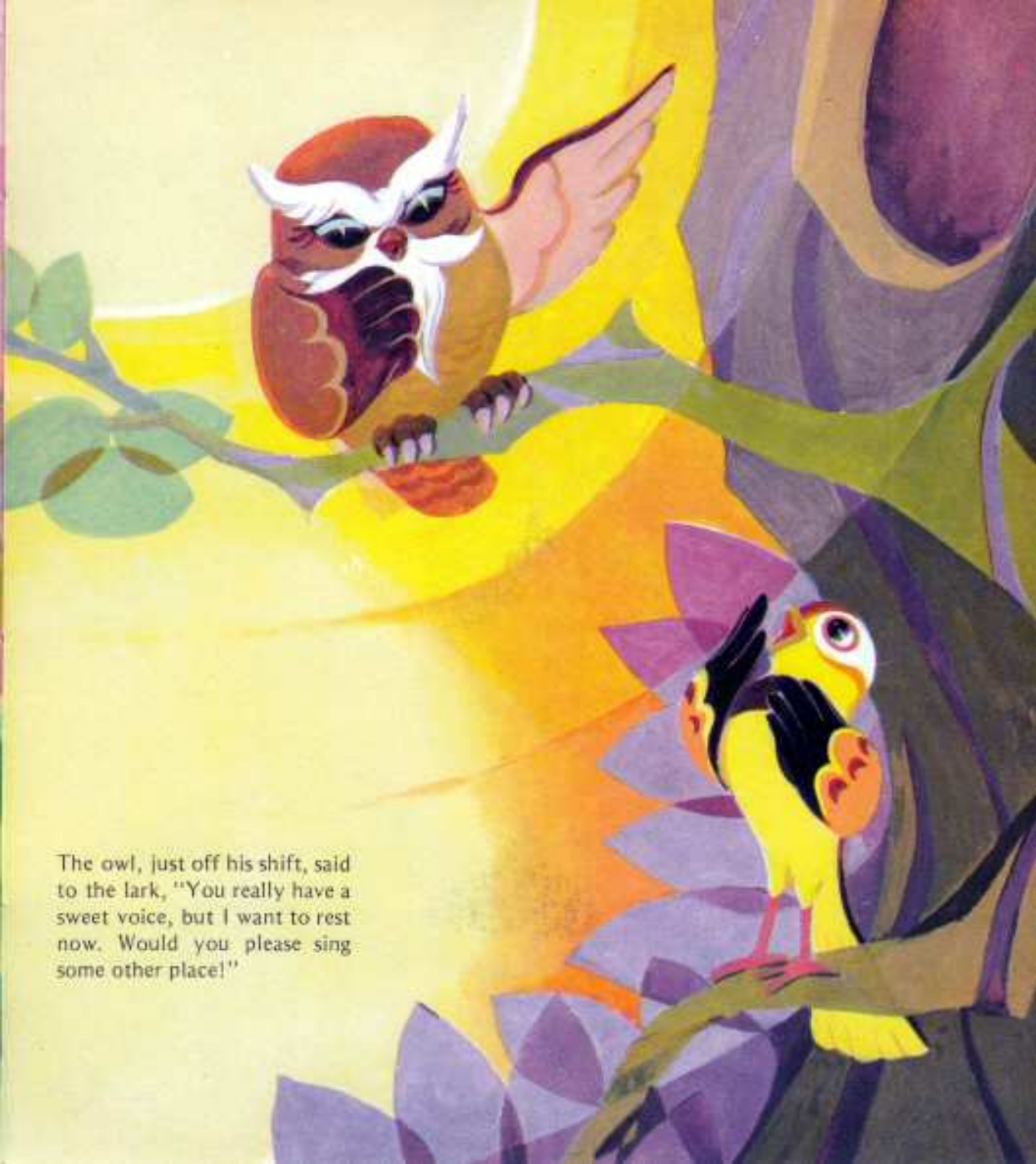
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At midnight, when almost all the birds were sleeping, an owl was busy working on the night shift. He hooted sometimes, and dived at a mouse.

In the morning it was still quiet in the forest, but then a lark began singing.



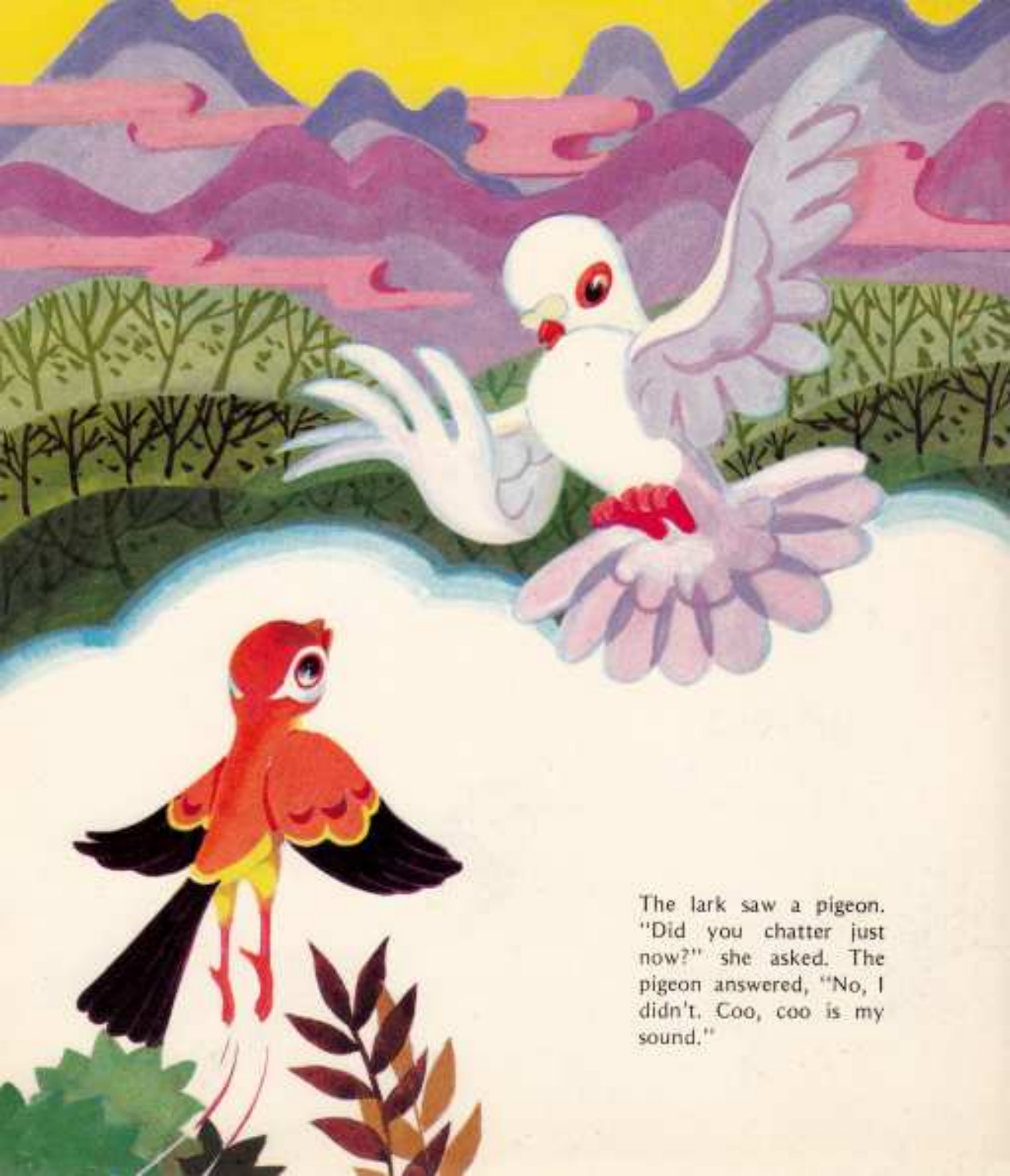


The owl, just off his shift, said to the lark, "You really have a sweet voice, but I want to rest now. Would you please sing some other place!"



The lark stopped singing. But then she heard chattering coming from some other place. She wondered who was chattering, and said to herself, "I must tell them that the owl needs to have a rest because he worked for the whole night."





The lark saw a pigeon.
"Did you chatter just
now?" she asked. The
pigeon answered, "No, I
didn't. Coo, coo is my
sound."

The lark then met cuckoo and asked, "Did you chatter just now?" "No, I didn't. I can only cuckoo," the bird answered.



The lark saw a wryneck and asked,
"Did you chatter just now?" "No," the wry-
neck answered, "My voice is short and sharp:
kay, kay, kay."





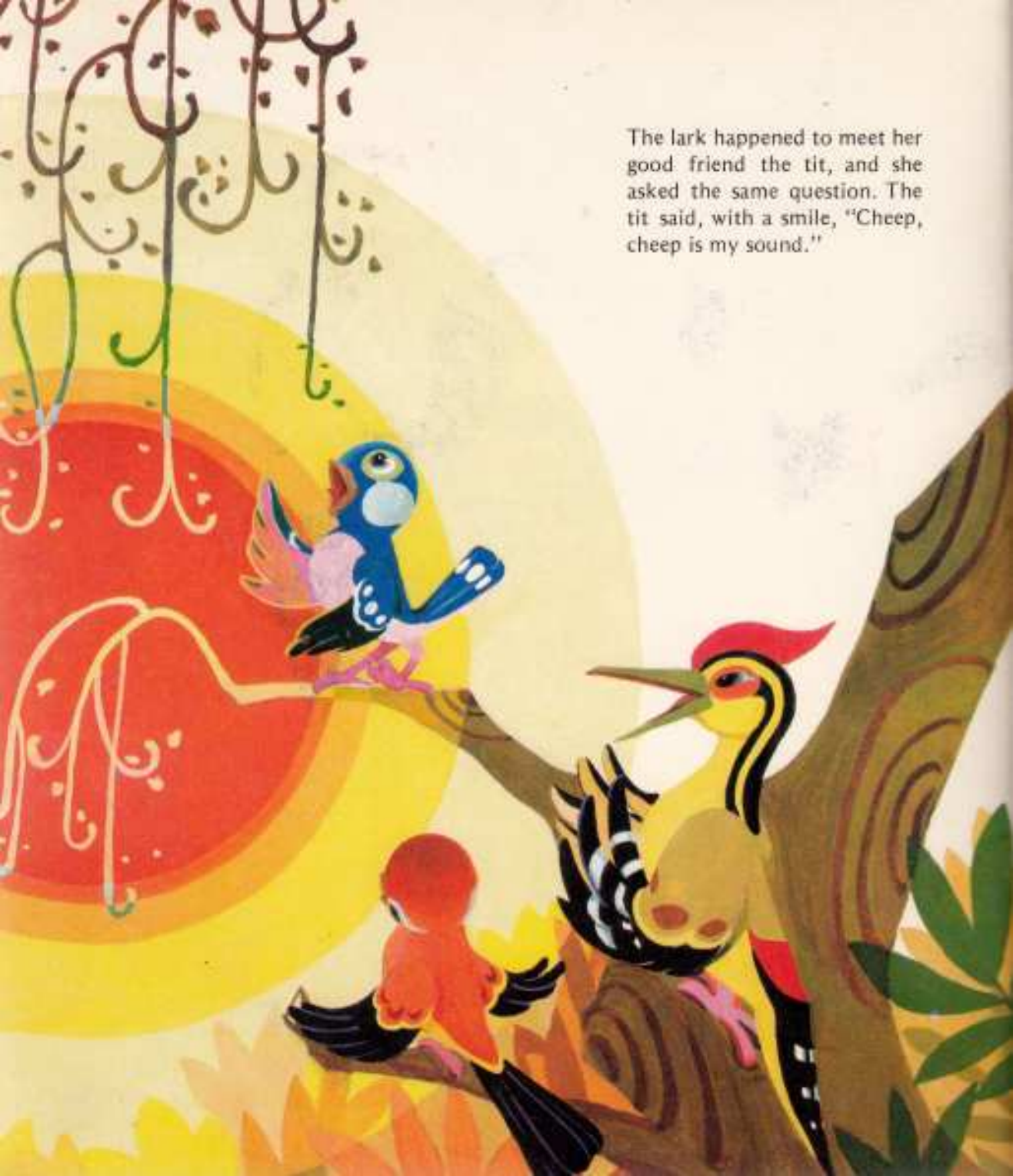
Suddenly the lark heard a woodpecker tapping on a tree.





The woodpecker said, "Tap, tap, tap is the sound I make when I look for insects, and ssh, ssh is my real voice."

The lark happened to meet her good friend the tit, and she asked the same question. The tit said, with a smile, "Cheep, cheep is my sound."



The lark then saw woodcock, who
said, "I am busy catching insects.
Tak, tak is my voice."





A swan nearby asked the lark, "What are you talking about?" The lark responded, "Did you chatter just now?" "No," the swan said, "Gaa, gaa is my voice."



Then a hoopoe came by, and the lark asked him the same question. The hoopoe replied, "My voice is not pretty. Listen — hoopoe, hoopoe."



The lark then came to the lake and saw a kingfisher catching fish. "You chatter, don't you?" the lark asked. But the kingfisher said, "No, I can only chee, chee, and chee."




The lark saw grebe on the water
and asked, "Did you chatter just
now?" "No," said the grebe, "gree,
gree, gree is my sound."



The lark asked a pheasant
catching worms what
sound he made. The
pheasant clucked for a
while. But that was not
it, so the lark left.

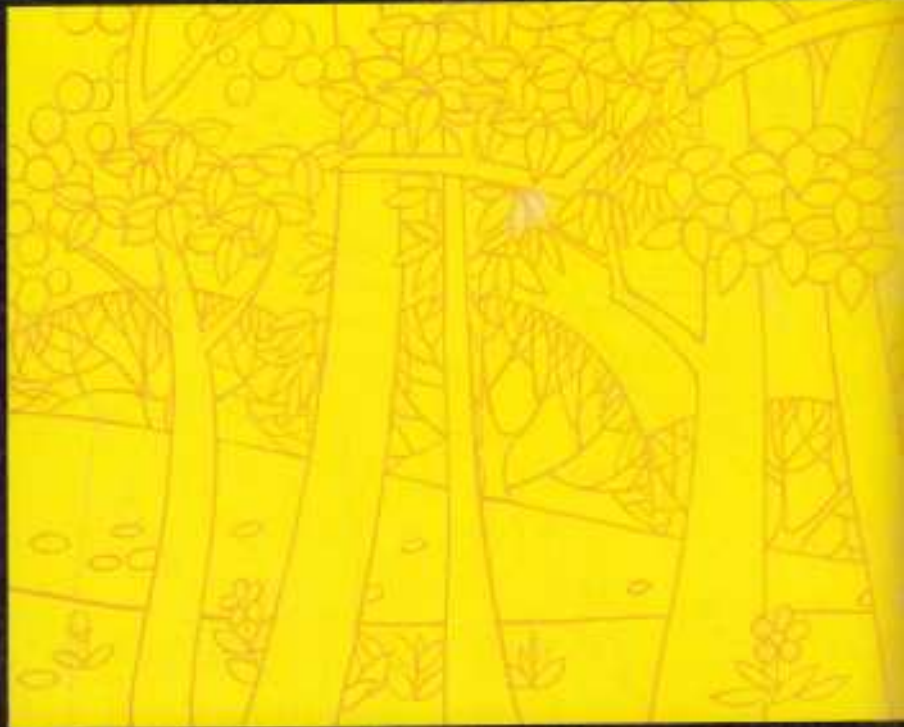


The illustration features three birds in a whimsical, stylized landscape. The background is composed of large, overlapping pink and purple circular shapes. In the upper left, a magpie with black, white, and blue plumage sits on a brown, textured rock. In the upper right, a red bird with a yellow beak and black wings is perched on a thin branch. In the lower right, a colorful bird with a yellow head, black and white striped body, and a long, patterned tail stands on a dark grey rock. The bottom of the page shows green foliage and a small yellow flower. A large, pale yellow circle is positioned behind the text.

Finally the lark found out that
a magpie was chattering.
"Stop, please," she told her,
"because the owl needs to
rest." "I'm sorry. I didn't
know," answered the
magpie.



"Let's leave here so the owl can have a good rest!" After the lark said this, she and the magpie flew away.



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